

Praise Your Wife.

A gentleman of this city, well up in years, and one whose home is a perfect paradise, no doubt owing in a measure to himself following the advice contained in the following, desires us to publish the below and keep it standing in the paper, so that everybody will read it and profit thereby: Here it is; read it young married man, and your wife for it, your house will be made bright and happy: Praise your wife, man; for pity's sake, give her a little encouragement; it won't hurt her. She made your home comfortable, your heart bright and shining, your food agreeable—for pity's sake tell her that you thank her, if nothing more. She doesn't expect it; it will make her eyes open wider than they have these ten years, but it will do her good for all that, and you too. There are many women, to-day, thirsting for the words of praise, the language of encouragement. Through summer's heat, through winter's cold, they have drudged uncomplainingly, and so accustomed have their fathers, brothers and husbands become to their monotonous labors, that they look for and upon them as they do the daily rising of the sun and its daily going down. Home every day may be made beautiful by an appreciation of its holiness. You know, that if the floor is clean, manual labor has been performed to make it so. You know, if you can take from your drawer a clean shirt, whenever you want it, that somebody's fingers have ached in the toil of making it so fresh and agreeable, so smooth and lustrous. It is not that many men do not appreciate these things, and feel a glow of gratitude for the numberless attentions bestowed upon them in sickness with a hearty—"Why, how pleasant you make things look, wife!" or "I am obliged to you for taking so much pains!" They thank the tailor for giving them "fits;" they thank a man in a full omnibus who gives them a seat; they thank a young lady who moves along in the concert room—in short, they thank everything out of doors, because it is the custom, and come home and sit in their chair back and their heels up, pull out the newspaper, grumble if their wife asks them to take the baby, scold if the fire has gone down, or, if anything is just right, shut their mouth with a smack of satisfaction, but never say "I thank you." I tell you what, men, young and old, if you did but show an ordinary civility toward those common articles of housekeeping, your wives, if you should give them the hundredth and sixteenth part of the compliments you almost choked them with before you were married, fewer women would seek for other sources of affection. Praise your wife then, for all the good qualities she has, and you may rest assured that her deficiencies are counterbalanced by your own.

Accuracy.

By President Tuttle.

I saw a young man once in the office of a western railroad superintendent. He was occupying a position that four hundred boys in that city would have wished. It was honorable and "it paid well," besides being in the line of promotion. How did he get it? Not by having a rich father, for he was a laborer. The secret was his beautiful accuracy. He began as an errand boy and did his work accurately. His leisure time he used in perfecting his writing and arithmetic. After a while he learned to telegraph. At each step his employer commended his accuracy, and relied upon what he did because he was sure it was just right. And it is thus with every occupation. The accurate boy is the favorite one. Those who employ men do not wish to be on the constant lookout, as though they were rogues or fools. If a carpenter must stand at his journeyman's elbow to be sure his work is right, or if a cashier must run over his book-keeper's columns, he might as well do the work himself as employ another to do it in that way, and it is very certain that the employer will get rid of such inaccurate workmen as soon as he can.

How to find out what's in a name—Put it on the back of a note.

Little Things.

A cross word is a little thing, but it is what stirs up the elephant. A kind word is a little thing, but it is just what soothes the sorrows of the settling hen. An orange peel on the sidewalk is a little thing, but it has upset many a giant. A serpent's fang is a little thing, but death is its victory. A baby is a little wee thing, but a constable was a baby. A drop of water is a little thing, but it was the burden of the rich man's prayer in torment. A hornet's sting is a little thing, but it sends the school-boy home howling. The tung is a little thing, but it fills the universe with trouble. An egg is a little thing, but the huge crocodile keeps it to life out of it. A kiss is a very little thing, but it betrays the son of God into the hands of his enemy. A spark is a little thing, but it can light the poor man's pipe, or set the world to burning. A drop of water is a little thing, but it can put out the poor man's pipe, and save the world from burning. The akorn is a little thing, but the blak bear and his family live in the oak that springs from it. A word is a little thing, yet one word has been mummy a man's destiny, for good or evil. A penny is a very little thing, but the interest on it, from the days of Cain and Abel, would buy out the Globe. A minnilt is a little thing, but it is long enough to pull a dozen aching teeth, or to get married or to have your own mother-in-law. A lap dog is a little thing, but he is a very silly thing besides. Life is made up of little things. Life itself is but a little thing; one breath less then comes the phaneral. —Josh Billings.

Epizootic has made its appearance among the New York street car horses.

She was telling a female friend how Mary Jane quarreled with her "feller," and said she, "Why, if you heard 'em talk you'd think they were married."

A grasshopper has to be frozen solid and thawed out nine times before the process begins to affect his constitution and by-laws.

An Essex farmer is obliged to chalk his nose every time he takes a walk around his farm, to save himself from an old bull which has a strong antipathy to red.

"Jones, do you own this property?" "Yes. That is, no. Or rather, my wife owns it, and her mother lives with us;" and the poor man groaned as he frantically bit off a chunk of navy.

"The little darling, he didn't strike Mrs. Smith's baby a-purpose, did he?" "It was a mere accident, wasn't it, dear?" "Yes, ma, to be sure it was; and if he don't behave himself, I'll crack him again!"

A blue glass chimney on the parlor lamp will bring a young man up to the point of proposing to a cross-eyed maiden with store teeth, in three Sunday evenings.

"Isn't there an awfully strong smell of pigs in the air?" asked Smith of Jones. "Yes," replied Jones; "that's because the wind is from the southwest."

The *Phrenological Journal* advises young men to be guided by the shape of the chin in picking up a wife. Inattention to this rule is probably the reason why so many husbands are led by the nose.

Sympathizing stranger—Bless me! How did you manage to talk like that, sir? Irritated equestrian (who has come to grief)—Confound it! I couldn't remain hanging in the air after the horse run away from me—could I?

An Amherst sophomore, who is teaching school, gave out the selection having the passage, "And, like great Caesar, die with decency." The brilliant reader rendered it, "And like great Caesar, die with dysentery."

She said it was a very bright idea. He said he knew a brighter one, and when she asked him what it was, he answered, "Your eye, dear!" There was a silence for a moment, then she laid her head upon the rim of his ear and wept.

The Fatted Calf.

A good story is told concerning a town-bred curate, who had consented to do duty on Sunday for his friend, the rector of a country parish in the mid-lands. The subject of the morning sermon was the parable of the Prodigal Son, and in the hope of impressing upon his hearers the joy which the patriarch felt on the return of his son, as instanced by his ordering the fatted calf to be killed, the young curate felt a pardonable pride in dwelling upon subject which could not fail to be comprehensible to the dullest plow-boy in the congregation. "Remember," he said, "this was no ordinary calf which was to be killed; it was no common calf or beast suffering from murrain; no half-starved calf, slowly awaiting death. No! It was not even merely a fatted calf; but," becoming more impressive, "it was the fatted calf, which had been prized and loved by the family for many years!" A sea of wide eyes and gapping mouths arrested for a moment the eloquence of the fledgling parson, and in the next there was such a chuckling and grins and snatching of old heads below as had not been witnessed even in the memory of the quaint-legged sexton for more than "many years." —English Paper.

"Why, my dear fellow, whispered a friend, 'I did not know you were so badly maltreated in that affair.'" "Nor I neither," sobbed the victim, "till I heard my lawyer tellin' the jury all about it!"

Bald-headed gentleman in the parquette, to young lady in the dress circle during an effecting passage in the play: "I respect your emotion, ma'am but you are shedding tears on my head."

Carefully compiled statistics demonstrate that while a single vaccination affords some protection against the fatal effects of small-pox, re-vaccination is almost a certain preventive of the disease. During the last epidemic in London, the proportion of those attacked who had been vaccinated a second time was only 4 out of 1400.

Sixty Indian convicts are in the old fort in St. Augustine, Fla., and the guard is daily selected from their ranks. About once a week each shoulders a musket as one of the garrison, and does sentry duty over his comrades. They do not escape, because they prefer to stay and be fed.

Two Baltimore men bet \$1,000 on the result of the presidential election, and, being unable to amicably agree which had won, the case was taken into a court. Then the District attorney, under a law similar to one in force in New York state, took possession of the stakes and turned the money over to the city treasury.

The exorbitant rents at Harvard college excite considerable complaint. The best rooms cost \$150 more than those equally good at Yale, while the best rooms at Williams command only \$30. The cheap apartments are few, compared to the high-priced ones, so that only the wealthy class of students are able to room in the college at all.

The Amazon river, from its source to the outlet, is 3,014 miles long. The Mississippi river proper is 2,616 miles long; the Missouri, from its source to its confluence with the Mississippi, 2,908 miles. From this point to the Gulf the distance is 1,286 miles, making the length of the Missouri-Mississippi 4,194 miles.

The general of the army is W. T. Sherman; the lieutenant-general, P. H. Sheridan; the major-generals are Hancock, Schofield, and McDowell; the brigadier-generals, Pope, Howard, Terry, Ord, Angur, and Crook; and the adjutant-general, with the rank of brigadier-general, is E. D. Townsend.

The immediate ancestors of a man are two—his father and mother; in the next preceding generation they are four—his grandparents; in the next eight, and so on to the seventh generation, when they are one thousand and twenty-four; and to the twentieth, when they are over a million.

It has been computed by a very high authority on the subject—Prof. Crank of Belfast—that the words catalogued in our dictionaries, exclusive of the names of places, a few Danish and Indian words, and the continually-increasing scientific terms from the Greek, amount altogether to about 50,000; 15,000 being of Teutonic extraction, and 35,000 from the Latin or French; that of these 50,000 words only 10,000 are employed in ordinary writing, and 5,000 in colloquial discourse, and that of written words half may be Anglo-Saxon; of the spoken, three-fourths.

Chess on a Large Scale.

Most persons who have any acquaintance with the literature of chess have heard of the games said to have been played in the Middle Ages with living chessmen. According to a news letter in the Pioneer, Lord Lytton has recently revived this amusement in India. During his visit to Moolton last month, his Lordship, after receiving and replying to an address from the municipality of the city, engaged, we are told, "in a novel game of chess with Colonel Millett. The chess board, if such a term may be allowed to a carpet of red and white calico, with checkers a yard square, having been spread in front of the hall, chessmen, men and boys, dressed in opposing red and white uniform appropriate to the various pieces, were marched in and took their places. Then by word of command each piece moved to the square indicated, and a very lively game ensued, ending in an easy victory for Viceroy." An Emperor of Morocco, who once indulged in a similar amusement, is said to have added a terrible realism to the game by causing all the pieces taken during its progress to be beheaded.

Around Austin, Texas, grasshoppers are hatching by the million.

The grass in Colorado is so short you must lather it before you can mow.

An Albany medical student helped to dissect his grandmother before he knew who it was, and he feels rather mean over it.

Feeders of cattle in Kansas and western Missouri complain that the corn there is too hard and dry to feed profitably. The grains are like so much gravel.

The manufacture of the wire for the great cable on the East River bridge is being pushed forward as rapidly as possible. It will take about twenty-two months to draw the 6,800,000 pounds required for the cable.

A negro, being asked for his definition of a gentleman, gave the following: "Massa make de black man workee—make de ox workee—make every ting workee only de hog—he no workee; he eat, he drink, he walk 'bout, he go to sleep when he please, he lile like a gentleman."

A Pittsburg paper speaks of a young man "who shot himself in the West End one evening last week." There's nothing like being explicit. The young man is severely but not fatally wounded; but if he had shot himself in the south-west end, a little northerly, veering southeasterly, there would have been no hopes of his recovery.

She was a forlorn and mild spoken woman, but firm, and as the lady of the house placed a half loaf of bread and some cold meat in her basket she calmly said:—"No, ma'am; I couldn't think of taking it. You've give me cold veal once afore this week, and my family hasn't been raised to repeat their meat more'n once in two weeks."

The settled expression of determination that mingles the face of a man who is just starting out to have a tooth pulled is only equalled by the subdued look that creeps over his features as he pauses with his hand on the knob of the dental-room door, turns quietly around, and tiptoes back through the hallway out-doors again.

Passenger—"I say, Cap'n, this 'ere ain't all. It's according to List—Four boxes, two ban-boxes, a portmanteau, two hams (one, part cut), three ropes of linyons, and a tea-kettle; but I'm duherose. There's something not right, somehow."

Captain—"Well, stranger, the time's up; bring up your wife and five children out of the cabin, and we're off."

Passenger—"Them's um! I knowed I forgot something."

The receipts of corn handled by members of the St. Louis exchange for 1876 aggregate 15,249,909 bushels, against 6,710,263 bushels for 1875, and 6,991,777 for 1874. The increase was mainly from the West, by the A. & P. and Mo. P. and St. L., K. & N. railroads and the Missouri river boats, amounting by all the routes named to 12,095,646 bushels, against 2,337,342 bushels in 1875. The receipt by the M. K. & T. railroad also increased from 1875, to 1,147,333 bushels in 1876.

STRAY NOTICES. And Instructions by Justices of the Peace to Taker up of Stray. A full supply of both these blanks at Herald office.



Cheapest, Purest and Best Family Medicine in the World!
For DYSPEPSIA, CONSTIPATION, Jaundice, Bilious attacks, SICK HEADACHE, Colic, Depression of Spirits, ACID STOMACH, Heart Burn, etc., etc.

This unrivalled Southern Remedy is warranted not to contain a single particle of Mercury, or any injurious mineral substance, but is

PURELY VEGETABLE.
Containing those Southern Roots and Herbs which an all-wise Providence has placed in countries where Liver diseases most prevail. It will cure all Diseases caused by Derangement of the Liver and Bowels.

The Symptoms of Liver Complaint are a bitter or bad taste in the mouth; pain in the back, sides or joints—often mistaken for rheumatism; Sour stomach; loss of appetite; bowels alternately constive and lax; headache; loss of memory, with a painful sensation of having failed to do something which ought to have been done; Dribbling, Saw Spittle, a thick yellow appearance of the skin and eyes, a dry cough often mistaken for consumption.

Sometimes many of these symptoms attend the disease, at others very few, but the Liver, the largest organ in the body, is generally the seat of the disease and if not regulated in time great suffering, wretchedness and DEATH will ensue.

I can recommend as an efficacious remedy for disease of the Liver, Heartburn and dyspepsia, Simmons' Liver Regulator.

L. G. WEXLER, 1625 Master st., Assistant postmaster, Philadelphia.
We have tested its virtues personally and know that for dyspepsia, biliousness and troubling headache it is the best medicine the world ever saw. We have tried forty other remedies before Simmons' Liver Regulator, but none of them gave us more than temporary relief; but the Regulator not only relieved but cured us.—Eds. Telegraph and Messenger, Macon, Ga.

MANUFACTURED ONLY BY
J. H. ZEILIN & CO.
Macon, Ga., and Philadelphia.

Price \$1.00. Sold by all druggists.

DR. C. McLANE'S
CELEBRATED

LIVER PILLS,

FOR THE CURE OF

Hepatitis, or Liver Complaint,

DYSPEPSIA AND SICK HEADACHE.

Symptoms of a Diseased Liver.

PAIN in the right side, under the edge of the ribs, increases on pressure; sometimes the pain is in the left side; the patient is rarely able to lie on the left side; sometimes the pain is felt under the shoulder-blade, and it frequently extends to the top of the shoulder, and is sometimes mistaken for a rheumatism in the arm. The stomach is affected with loss of appetite and sickness; the bowels in general are constive, sometimes alternative with lax; the head is troubled with pain, accompanied with a dull, heavy sensation in the back part. There is generally a considerable loss of memory, accompanied with a painful sensation of having left undone something which ought to have been done. A slight, dry cough is sometimes an attendant. The patient complains of weariness and debility; he is easily startled, his feet are cold or burning, and he complains of a prickly sensation of the skin; his spirits are low; and although he is satisfied that exercise would be beneficial to him, yet he can scarcely summon up fortitude enough to try it. In fact, he distrusts every remedy. Several of the above symptoms attend the disease, but cases have occurred where few of them existed, yet examination of the body, after death, has shown the LIVER to have been extensively deranged.

AGUE AND FEVER.

DR. C. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS, IN CASES OF AGUE AND FEVER, when taken with Quinine, are productive of the most happy results. No better cathartic can be used, preparatory to, or after taking Quinine. We would advise all who are afflicted with this disease to give them a FAIR TRIAL.

For all Bilious derangements and as a simple purgative they are unequalled.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

The genuine DR. C. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS are never sugar coated.

Every box has a red wax seal on the lid, with the impression DR. C. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS.

The genuine McLANE'S LIVER PILLS bear the signatures of C. McLANE, and FLEMING BROS. on the wrappers.

Insist on your druggist or store-keeper giving you the genuine Dr. C. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS, prepared by Fleming Bros., Pittsburg, Pa.

Sold by all respectable druggists and country storekeepers generally. To those wishing to give Dr. C. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS a trial, we will mail post paid to any part of the United States, one box of Pills for twenty-five cents. FLEMING BROS., Pittsburg, Pa.

ADVERTISE

THE TROY HERALD.